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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904.....10,652 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903.....8,285 1/2

Increase.....2,367

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months
such a volume of display advertising as the Evening World
carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS
MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

CITY CONTROL OF MILK SOURCES.

The city is enabled to keep its water supply pure only
by preventing contamination at its sources. Dr. Atkinson's
idea is that as much should be done for the city's
milk supply by controlling and keeping clean the dairies
from which it is derived. The Health Department's ac-
tive measures against milk adulteration in the past have
accomplished much good; they have effected the arrest
and prosecution of many dealers and the destruction of
hundreds of thousands of gallons of impure milk.

Yet the arrest of a dealer accomplishes for the purity
of the general milk supply hardly more than the cleaning
of a hydrant effects for pure water. It is at best only a
local remedy for an evil which, by the increase of milk
adulteration in spite of the department's preventive ef-
forts, is shown to have attained very serious proportions.

Dr. Atkinson's plan provides for the refusal of licenses
to dealers unwilling to agree to have their dairies regu-
larly inspected by the city. It will receive the formal
consideration of the Board of Health to-morrow. It is
proposed as the only feasible method of controlling the
output of dairies not under the State's jurisdiction, and
has much to commend it as a comprehensive remedy.
Given a milk supply which reaches the city distributing
depots uncontaminated and untampered with, the efforts
of the department to insure its reception by the small
consumer in a like state of purity will be made more ef-
fective.

Many of the larger dealers have voluntarily under-
taken the precautions which the board will seek to en-
force on the part of less conscientious dealers. Their
whitewashed dairy buildings are conspicuous as a not
unattractive feature of country landscapes. What they
have done for their business reputation should be re-
quired of all dairymen in the interest of the public
health.

Confidence and Market Values.—"There's nothing either
good or bad but thinking makes it so." And that may
explain why "Steel common" is regarded as a good pur-
chase at 30 where six months ago it was undesirable at
30, and why the preferred is in demand at 90 which went
begging at 50. The present salability of stocks at high
prices furnishes one of the most interesting demonstra-
tions Wall street has ever made of the value of public con-
fidence as a business asset.

SUBWAY UNCLEANLINESS.

The Subway as it was when turned over to the op-
erating company spick and span and as it is to-day makes
a painful showing of the progressive degradation of a
great public work through human agencies.

It is not merely the disfigurement of poster advertise-
ments, slot machines, news-stands and cracked tiling
which provokes new resentment, but the lesser defile-
ment which has followed in their wake—the cigar butt,
the evidence of the spitter's presence, the litter of peanut
shells, caramel wrappers and the heterogeneous debris of
the travelling public. The baseless earlier fears of bad
air may well give way to real apprehension of the effect
on the health of the foul exhalations from discarded
cigarette and cigar stumps and dried spittle.

If spitting is a punishable offense elsewhere, why not
in the Subway? A few arrests for this misdemeanor
would seem opportune. Likewise the prohibition of
smoking under penalty.

THE STAGE AND SOME OTHERS.

New York theatrical managers are prone to regard the
stage as a necessary evil without which it would be im-
possible to sustain the box-office. They have material
reasons for holding this view. Idealists, on the other
hand, centre about the stage some of the most beautiful
theories of art and the true life of which it is possible
for man to conceive. The managers take precedence.
Theirs are the actual performances and the receipts,
while the idealists have the dreams and the lovely talk.

Sometimes between the camps of the extremists for
cash or for culture will appear a little group of people
clinging to the old idea that the stage can be made edu-
cational while still entertaining. The practical work of
such a group is now attracting attention in New York.

It happens that the Progressive Stage Society is a
body with a mission; that in its plays it spreads such
doctrines of Socialism as many people question. That
fact does not affect the argument that the same force—
that of stage representation—which teaches one thing
may and must teach another. It will teach whatever a
sufficient public demands.

For the play which is vicious in its leadings there is
always available a public rebuke which it should not
take pages of newspaper debate to bring forth.

FLORIDA AUTOMOBILE RACE.

The automobile speed contests which are to be held
on the Ormond-Daytona course in Florida during Janu-
ary are reported to have raised more interest than any
previous meet of the kind, national or international. It
is indicative to learn that this season's course has
"taken a premier position in the minds of those occupied
with the time-defying sport."

Necessarily a straightaway course on a sandy beach
is less "sporty" than one over Long Island roads; certain
attractive elements of excitement are eliminated and no
occasion is offered for a display of dare-devil skill in
skidding around sharp turns at the imminent risk of ac-
cident to spectators. The danger of sudden death will be
restricted to chauffeurs.

But any disposition on the part of automobile speed
enthusiasts to put up with these limitations is to be en-
couraged and the hope indulged that this course may be
shown for future international meets.

The Eternal Sameness of Girls.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"SIGH no more, ladies; no more. There were d'clivers ever. One foot on sea and one on shore—To one thing constant never." Though sung for centuries, these cynical reflections on the tendency of fickle man to wobble in affections are not strictly true. As characterizing the masculine half of the world until they have "come to forty year," they may perhaps be accepted. But when a man has reaped years of discretion he is apt to have realized through vain searching for the something different from other women that must mark his ideal among her kind the eternal sameness of women and even to be satisfied with their similitude.

When, therefore, he has reached this conclusion and has confided his somewhat battered heart to Jane or Anne or Mary, as the case may be, he is not likely to seek to transfer it, since he knows that Jane and Anne and Mary differ not from one another in glory, but are all fine, wholesome, common-place raw material for the mills of matrimony.

When a very young man, on the contrary, has taken Mary to the theatre for a space and paid her tribute of flowers, candy and ice-cream soda, taking subconsciously the while the narrow measure of her mind, he is apt to believe that the transference of his heart to Anne or Jane may lead to an experience more like the mystic communion which he holds with the fantastic lady of his day dreams. And it is only after the experiment has been made and he has heard Anne chatter and twitter of girls and clothes and other fellows and the attentions they lavish upon her, even as Jane and Mary, that he makes up his mind that matrimony is a blind pool in which one runs an equal chance of picking a 100-to-1 shot or the favorite, and chooses, blindfold as Love himself.

But such is a man's desire to believe himself most blessed among his kind that it is usually not long before he comes to make any comparison between the ideal and the real lady of his heart, or if he does he does he makes them favor the actual incumbent.

The fact that all women are or seem to him alike, though at first disappoint-
ing, becomes an accepted and not un-
pleasant truth. There can be but one
model of perfection surely, and since
he has it what is the use of further
search?

Yet perhaps women's characters are
not really any more alike than their
faces, and it is only because they are
all moulded by their mothers and aunts
into outward conformity with the fixed
ideal of social grace that they seem so
inevitably the same.

"I have been calling on girls ever
since I was eighteen," confided a bach-
elor of thirty to me the other day, "but
I've never yet seen one I wanted to
marry. They all seem so much alike
that I don't see how a fellow ever
makes up his mind to a choice between
them."

But, women may protest, men are
very much alike too. But it really
seems that though a great many men
are uninteresting enough they somehow
manage to infuse a certain originality
even into their manner of being bored
that prevents the eternal sameness that
marks conformity to the feminine ideal.

SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

"When shall I come?" queried he
over the phone.

"Well," thoughtfully replied the sweet
young thing, "I haven't anything on
this evening."

"Then let's say to-morrow evening,"
responded he, hurriedly and with a
blush that raised the temperature of
the room twenty degrees.—Houston
Post.

NOT GRABBING.

"Do you believe that the trusts are
trying to grab everything?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Dustin
Stax. "We don't have to do anything
so undignified as to grab. We have ar-
ranged matters so that everything
comes to us by a natural process."—
Washington Star.

NO EXCITEMENT IN IT.

Girl (with the Gibson Girl neck):
You're a perfect pattern of good be-
havior in church nowadays.

Girl with the Julia Marlowe Dimple:
I suppose so. Now that one of the
preachers says it's all right to flirt in
church there's no fun in doing it any
more.—Chicago Tribune.

HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

Fashionable Mother—Edith, I trust
your fiancé is a worthy young man?

Daughter—Oh, yes, mamma; but
rather shy.

Fashionable Mother—Good heavens!
You don't mean of money, I hope.—
Houston Chronicle.

ASTONISHED.

"What did you think of my speech?"
said the orator for the Prohibition
party.

"I was astonished," answered Col.
Sullivan, of Kentucky. "I never knew
that water could produce so much lo-
quacity."—Washington Star.

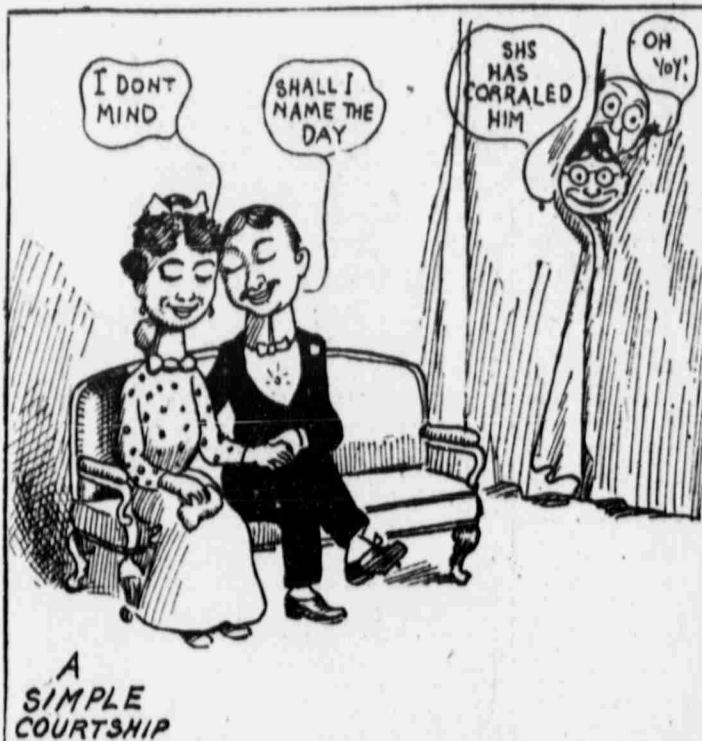
HE KNEW.

"Yes, she's pretty, but a poor conver-
sationalist; she seldom says a word. I
can't understand why so many men
propose to her."

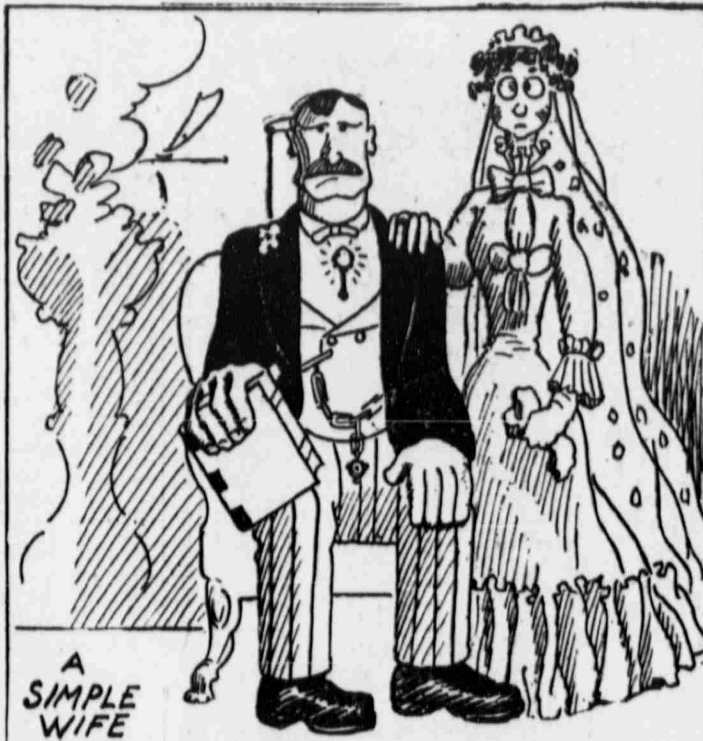
"I can," sighed Henpeck.—Houston
Post.

The Simple Life.

(By T. E. Powers.)



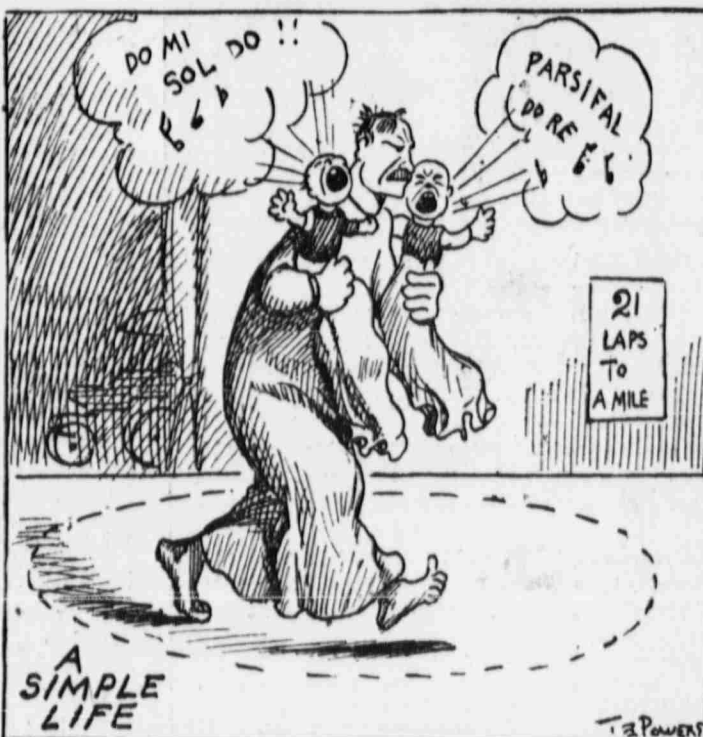
A SIMPLE COURTSHIP



A SIMPLE WIFE



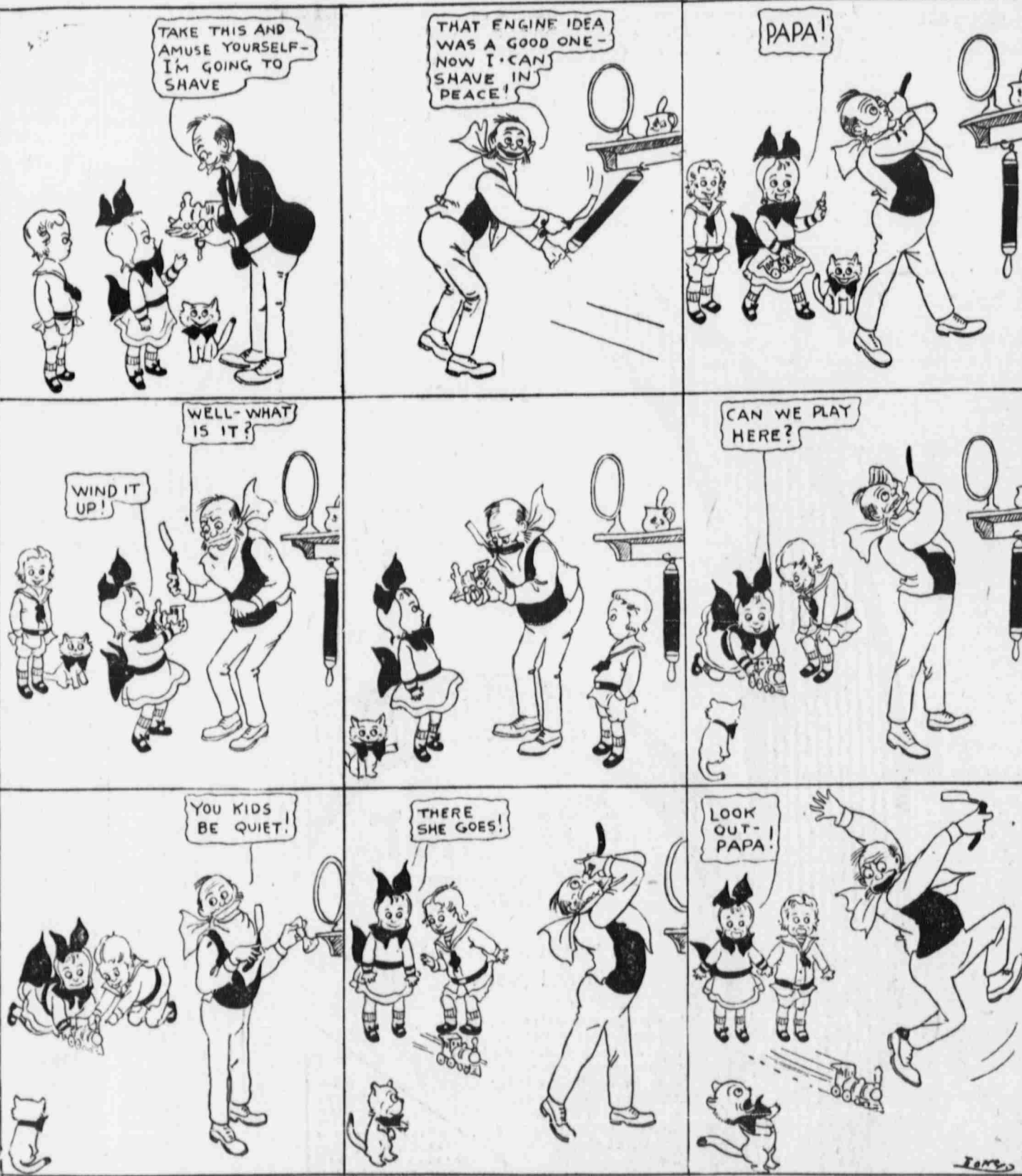
A SIMPLE HOME



A SIMPLE LIFE

Mary Jane Makes Papa's Shaving Easy

She and Kickums Add to the Interest and Excitement of a Hard Scrape.



Mrs. Nagg and Mr. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

What Does He Care if She Suffers Social Humiliations?

"O H. I am so excited, Mr. Nagg! This has been a trying day for me. You have nothing to worry you but to attend to your business and meet your bills and make your collections; but if you had to put up with what I have to put up with, Mr. Nagg, you would be torn to a shadow. There are dreadful goings-on, Mr. Nagg, in this neighborhood, and I don't know which side to take."

"I have got to decide, and oh, I am in such a state you can't think! Mrs. Bilger gives her afternoon tea the same day Mrs. Stryver does, and I have to decide which side I will take. Mrs. Bilger was always nice to me, and Mrs. Stryver never asked me until now, because she is anxious to crush Mrs. Bilger; and I will have to go in a carriage, although it is only across the street, because Mrs. Stryver gives it out that she will receive nothing but carriage company, and she's going to have an awning over the sidewalk, and has bribed Mrs. Terwilliger, who lives next door to Mrs. Bilger, to get five tons of coal put in so's to spoil the effect of Mrs. Bilger's reception."

"Oh, it is terrible to be in society, and have to take one side or another in these society feuds. Don't laugh at me, Mr. Nagg; you are an unfeeling brute!"

"I like Mrs. Bilger best, and she was always nice to me, and was kind when the baby was sick; but this is something that rises above all other considerations, and so I will have to attend Mrs. Stryver's tea."

"Oh, dear me! You men have nothing of importance to worry you; but look how I am placed! If I go to Mrs. Stryver's Mrs. Bilger will never speak to me again, if I go to Mrs. Stryver's, like as not she will only think I am toadying to her and cut me the next time she meets me, and may never ask me to her house again, for she's just like that."

"Why do I go to her house then, you ask? Oh, Mr. Nagg, is that all you know about society? Is that all you appreciate what I am doing for the sake of your child?"

"Mrs. Stryver's affairs are in the society columns in the Sunday papers, and she is the leader in her set."

"Mrs. Bilger has just come back from abroad, where she was introduced to a Duke. They have more money than the Stryvers, but Mrs. Bilger is so affable to poor people and servants that Mrs. Stryver declares she can't possibly be a lady."

"Oh, Mrs. Stryver knows! So what am I to do? You only grin; you do not recognize that this is a crisis! Oh, Mr. Nagg, you do not care whether I ever get into society or not! After all I have put up with in the way of snubs from that Mrs. Stryver, at last she invites me to her house!"

"Her parties are so stupid, and her rooms are so close and stuffy, and everybody gets a headache, and she is so patronizing she drives you mad, and yet she is the social leader of this part of Harlem, and I suppose I will have to go."

"You think the Bilgers are much nicer people to know, and kinder and more pleasant people to call on, and more interesting to associate with, you say? Well, what of it? What has that to do with it? You men are silly!"

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, I am a nervous wreck! I know that these social triumphs will be too much for me, and that I will have to go to some fashionable winter resort where the rich women will sneer at my clothes."

"O, Mr. Nagg, it is all your fault! Why haven't you higher aspirations? How will we ever get along in society when you prefer to sit around reading a book and smoking a horrid pipe to meeting a lot of charming people at Mrs. Stryver's select affairs?"

The Masher Is a Boon to the Average Gotham Woman.

By Alice Rohe.

"H A! And so the deadly masher is at large again!" said the Feminist sardonically. "I thought it was just about time for the women to set up a scream of this kind."

"Well, I guess the masher evil is pretty bad on Twenty-third street," said the Amateur Philosopher. "The women are so annoyed they are afraid to go shopping."

"Bad? Annoyed? You cause me to smile, Clarence. Why, since the newspapers have published these stories about Twenty-third street being infested with mashers there will be an exodus of women from all other parts of the city to the shopping district that will make the entire block between Sixth avenue and Broadway look like the mob around a bargain counter of \$1 shirt waists marked down to 99 cents."

"You don't mean that women want to be insulted by mashers, do you?" queried the Amateur Philosopher.

"They're not insulted when a man looks at them. Just you bear that in mind, my boy," said the Feminist. "There are a whole lot of false alarms in this masher game. Women like to come the 'timid sparrow' racket, but if men didn't look at them there would be a wall of distress from the Bronx to the Battery that would make the howling of a band of coyotes on the prairie sound like a gentle zephyr."

"I never saw a woman in my life who didn't try to run this bluff that she couldn't stir out of the house without being insulted by mashers. She simply dotes on giving out the impression that she is being badly pursued."

"Now, as a matter of fact, a man can't fall into a fit of meditation and accidentally fix his eye on a woman while his mind is pondering the intricacies of higher equations but what the feminine sensitive plant thinks she is inspiring 'a grande passion' in his unsuspecting breast."

"Why do they cause all the disturbance against mashers, then?" asked the Amateur Philosopher.

"Well," said the Feminist, "there is just enough truth in the masher business to give them a chance to let off this steam. Some pretty women are ogled, and that gives the great and happy excuse for every dame in New York, whether she is built on the lines of a giraffe or a hippo, to take up the cry."

"Of course, every woman belongs to the shrinkingly pursued class. Oh, to be sure!"

"A woman reads in the paper about a beautiful young creature being annoyed by mashers, and the next night she will come home all in a nervous fit, gasping about some horrid man who has been trying to make advances to her."

"Well, you certainly think women are justified in objecting to mashers, don't you?" asked the Philosopher.

"I don't think they are justified in any of their hysterical tantrums," said the Feminist, "but as long as the timid creatures go around looking for mashers they will be sure to find them. The supply rarely exceeds the demand."

An American Buddha?

The Buddhists of Tibet and other outlandish places think that their God's second coming will be from Europe or America, says a Buddhist student.

"They think this because, in all their old images of Buddha reincarnated, he sits, not on the floor, but in our modern occidental way upon a chair. When they found that Europeans sat on straight chairs they came to believe firmly that from America or Europe their reincarnated Buddha would come."

Fast Roadbeds.

A great deal of speed can be put into the track itself. Thus came an era of improvement in the roadbed, and grades were cut down and filled up to as near a dead level as possible, and cut-offs were built to eliminate bends and curves. So with a "fast track" and high-speed locomotives the modern express trains and "specials" have reduced the distance between points and added to the fast-train service without sacrificing either comfort or safety.

Gentlewomen Economical.

American wives of British peers are usually considered to be as extravagant as they are rich. This is far from being the case. Lady Curzon cannot tolerate needless waste. The young Duchess of Marlborough is another careful housekeeper, and every morning goes through the estate's accounts and checks them. She is said to have a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS

A Mathematical Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will some reader tell me how to solve the following solely by arithmetic without assuming a number as A's share? Divide \$200 among A, B and C so that B will have twice as much as A and C will have three and a half times as much as B.

American.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My grandparents were born in Ger-

many. My parents were born in America, as was I. What nationality am I?

Miss B. C.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to say a few words to mothers. Warn your children against running errands for other people. It is careless enough to send them on errands yourself, especially across the tracks. Of course, the little children gladly go on

errands because they know that a penny is waiting for them. But I should think that mothers could find time to go on such errands themselves, and not send children. Only recently a child's life was sacrificed while going on an errand. Let it be a warning to other people.

FRIEND OF CHILDREN.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I recently sent you my record for walking the Williamsburg Bridge (15 minutes). When I tried it I walked from Clinton street, Manhattan, to the other end, the full length of the bridge. John J. King, who says he can walk this bridge in 6 minutes, from one to another of these points, can no doubt claim the record. What is the entire length of the new Williamsburg Bridge?

F. M.
At 17 State Street.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I and the Russian Consul in New York?

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